

bad by Reblomakr

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Summary:

if billy had any good in him, he probably wouldn't be fucking will byers in the arcade bathroom

bad

Author's Note:

this isn't really a drabble because I did put in some effort, but I'm also too lazy to check this for any typos??? I glanced it over at least for mistakes so heY

It's December and the year's 1984. Hawkins was involved with a government conspiracy and the town high school is pretty damn sure Billy Hargrove is the reason why Steve Harrington came to school with a swollen face. And everyone dismissed the wounds on Billy's chest and best as trophies he earned from the fight. The fight's old news now, but it's a whisper whenever there's a Harrington-Hargrove clash. It happens a lot.

Billy doesn't think too much about Steve Harrington when he's walking through the arcade. His stepsister's hanging out with her friends, the entire group too distracted by some stupid game to notice him walking through. No one in the entire place pay any attention to him. If he was asked, he'd say he had to go piss and the arcade was the closest place with a bathroom that wasn't absolutely disgusting.

The bathroom is unisex with a lock on the knob, a single stall, so you have to go one at a time. When Billy pulls at the handle and it doesn't budge, he knocks three times. "Billy?" A muffled voice reached him through the cheap wood. He knocked five times in quick succession, the door swung open.

When the door swung open, Will Byers hid himself behind it while Billy quickly walked in. The door slammed behind him and the lock was twisted into place. The bathroom was about the size of a large closet, with a porcelain sink and matching toilet. The walls were covered in black wallpaper with red stripes and the floor was covered in ceramic tiles. Even with the door closed, he could still hear the noise from the arcade.

"Been in here for like, five minutes." Will said. "I made sure no one saw me come in."

Billy stared at the boy and scratched his cheek. He had some stubble growing in, but he hadn't felt like shaving that morning. He spent the entire night doing homework and studying for a stupid ass Calculus test. If he had his way, he would've spent it sneaking through Will's bedroom window and fingering him while he was supposed to be building a 3D model of a plant cell.

"Are you wearing it?" Billy asked. He'd make sure Will left after him, tell him to exit the bathroom at least ten minutes after he was gone. Only way to connect the dots was to guess that playboy Billy Hargrove was fucking Zombie Boy Will Byers. Pretty damn sure there wasn't anyone who'd come to that thought. They barely ever interacted in the daylight.

Will blushed and nodded. He dug his fingers into the waistband of his jeans and tugged them down. It took him a second to pull off his shoes, before he could take off his jeans completely and fold them off to the side. His face and neck were flaming red, but pulled off his Batman sweater that Nancy had gotten him. He set everything off to the side and stood there, the flush spreading.

A normal boy would've been completely naked except for briefs or boxers, but Billy had saved up and drove an hour to get something pretty for *his* boy. He wore pearly white stockings with matching cotton garters, lacy panties and bra over his nonexistent tits. In Billy's humble opinion, it was fucking gorgeous.

Billy grinned and ran his tongue across his bottom lip as Will undressed. His dick pleasantly throbbed and he reached down to palm himself as he watched.

"My mom almost found the box it was in." Will admitted, rubbing his hands over his stomach. "I was lucky. Jonathon lost the bracelet he got for Nancy and she had to help him find it." He explained.

Honestly, Billy didn't give a shit about Jonathon Byers or his bitch girlfriend. He'd already refrained twice from kicking Jonny's ass, because he knew Will probably wouldn't let him fuck his mouth if he sent his brother to the hospital. If he could get away with hitting a girl, he would've already punched Nancy Wheeler, too. She fucking deserved it, running her mouth the way she did- **oh**, he had to scold

himself. He let the anger in his chest boil too long, he had more pressing matters in front of him right now. Later, he'd dream about pulverizing faces. He had an ass to pound. In the *good* way.

"Turn around for me." Billy said.

Will twirled, showing how the panties cupped his ass just right. He was an obedient boy, at least for Billy. He definitely didn't listen to his mom telling him not to talk to anyone potentially dangerous. And Billy was definitely dangerous, yet here was, about to Will in lingerie in an arcade bathroom.

"Do I look good?" Will asked.

"Fucking beautiful." Billy ushered him to get closer, and when he was within grabbing distance, he pulled him close and grabbed at the back of his thighs. He lifted him up and slammed him against the wall. Will used to be unable to spread his legs so far, but now he was easily able to wrap them around Billy without even a muscle twitching.

They kissed, just briefly, before Billy began to hungrily bite his way from Will's lips down to his throat. He was wearing a turtleneck, right? He hoped so, because he latched onto a patch of skin with his teeth.

Will let out one of those tiny whimpers that Billy wanted to record and listen to while he was driving. He sucked at the teeth indents he left behind, he didn't bite down enough to draw blood, but it dark red and it'd blossom into a purple flower by the end of the day. He was just going to help them be a bit darker, and last a lot longer.

He bit more marks from Will's neck to his shoulder, while his hands massaged his thighs. Did Billy bring his knife? He moved his right leg, checking for the weight in his pocket. "You prepare yourself?" He asked.

"Yeah." Will gasped. He was out of breath, but panting lightly. His eyes were a little watery. "Had just enough lu-"

Billy held Will up with his left arm the moment he heard the

affirmative. He grabbed at his knife in his pocket and flipped it out. The blade shimmered in the dim bathroom light. He cut off Will's response with a kiss and used the knife to cut off his panties, slicing through the side. He dropped the knife to the ground, and it clattered, but he didn't care about that. It was a lot easier to tear off the thin underwear now, and he did. He threw the now-useless fabric in the same direction Will had put his clothes.

He was able to sink three fingers in without any resistance. Will was definitely opened up, and plenty wet. "Shit," He cursed. He still his fucking jeans on, way too much fabric between his dick and Will's ass.

It took careful maneuvering to keep Will pinned up against the wall while he unbuttoned his jeans, pulling them and his boxers down enough to free himself. He gathered saliva in his mouth and spat it into his palm, rubbing it over his dick. Once he considered it wet enough until he could get it inside of Will's nearly-dripping hole, he wiped his hand off on his shirt.

"You ready?" Billy didn't listen to Will's response if he gave one, he shoved his dick inside of him and let out a moan when he was welcomed like he was coming home from a long war. It was fucking glorious, echoed by Will's loud whine and his boy's fingers digging into his shoulders through the fabric of his shirt.

Billy didn't give Will any time to adjust, like he would've if they hadn't fucked for a while and if Will wasn't well-enough prepared. But his boy was practically fucking soaking, like his hole was a cunt, and he was open and loose. He pounded immediately, grabbing at his waist.

He lifted Will up when he pulled out, then slammed him back down when he thrust back in. The bathroom filled with the sound of squelching, Billy's groans and curses, and Will's crackly moaning. Distantly, you could hear Dustin Henderson arguing with Lucas Sinclair, the screams of a boy losing a game, and a machine particularly close to the bathroom door screeching out 'GAME OVER'.

"Billy, Billy, Billy-" Will was chanting, eyes wide and about to flow

over the brim with tears. His mouth was hanging open and he wasn't anywhere close to quiet. Billy bathed himself in the sound while he fucked.

He reached with a hand and shoved it underneath Will's lacy bra, grabbing hard at the skin and flesh there. His nail scratched down and Will let out a whimper of pain. He slowed his thrusts to press his thumbnail into his nipple.

"Fu-ah!" Will clenched his mouth shut, holding back a wild scream when Billy pressed down harder the same time he angled a thrust directly into his prostate. Tears began to streak down his cheeks and his nose was runny, too.

Billy held back a sound himself and watched as Will came undone, spurting his semen onto his stomach and Billy's shirt. He kept going, moving his hand from Will's chest up to his neck. He wrapped his fingers around that tiny neck and squeezed, shoving himself deep inside of Will as he slowed his pace but kept going just as hard.

He had Will hard again in less than a minute, scratching at Billy while he gasped for air. His eyes were rolling into the back of his head, face pale compared to the flush in the rest of his body. Billy loosened his grip enough for air to return in full to his lungs, but kept his hand around in a good enough grip. Will came a second time, but practically dry.

It didn't take long for Billy to follow this time, sinking in deep. He let out shallow thrusts, before he pulled his dick out. Will was breathing heavily and he was definitely going to have bruises around his neck.

"You're wearing a turtleneck, right?" Billy wondered.

Slow to respond, a second passed before Will responded with a nod.

Billy stayed in the bathroom long enough to help Will clean up.

"Keep my cum in you until I visit you tonight." He ordered while he tugged Will's jeans on for him. He pulled the zipper up and buttoned it. "Okay?"

"I will." Will whispered. Luckily, his sweater covered his neck

completely. No one would be able to see what Billy left on his boy. They'd probably be able to hear the difference in his voice though. It was a deep croak, strange to his typical softness.

They shared a kiss before Billy closed his jacket to hide a cum stain, and exited the bathroom.

Author's Note:

I ate a chocolate bar and drank a bottle of water as I wrote this, listening to Eminem's album Relapse. Chocolate + writing porn + water + Eminem = self care